Reminiscences of early days on Mackinac Island /

Mad. Thérèse Schindler Mrs. Elizabeth Thèrèse Baird

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REMINISCENCES OF EARLY DAYS ON MACKINAC ISLAND. BY ELIZABETH THÈRÉSE BAIRD.1

1 The author of these reminiscences was born at Prairie du Chien, Wis., April 24, 1810, the daughter of Henry Munro Fisher, a prominent fur trader, of Scotch ancestry, in the employ of the American Fur Co. Her mother was Marienne Lasalière, a daughter of Madame Thérèse Schindler (wife of George Schindler) by her first husband, Pierre Lasalière. Madame Schindler's mother was Migisan (although called by the French, Marie), the daughter of an Ottawa chief, Kewinaquot (Returning Cloud). In 1824, when but fourteen years of age, Miss Fisher was married at Mackinac Island, where she had spent the greater portion of her youth, to Henry S. Baird, then a young Green Bay lawyer. Mr. and Mrs. Baird removed at once to Green Bay, where Mr. Baird (born in 1800) died in 1876, and Mrs. Baird, November 5, 1890. Mrs. Baird was a woman of charming personality and excellent education, proud of her trace of Indian blood, and had a wide acquaintance with the principal men and women of early Wisconsin. Having traveled and seen much, in pioneer days, and being gifted with a retentive memory which did not fail her until the last few weeks of her long life, she was a rare source of information to Western historical students. The present Editor frequently drew upon her memory, for data with which to annotate these *Collections*. To the columns of the Green Bay *State Gazette*, between Dec. 4, 1886, and Nov. 19, 1887, Mrs. Baird contributed a series of papers relating her early experiences on Mackinae Island and in Wisconsin Territory. The present article is a collection of such of these papers as referred to Mackinac,—condensed at a few points, and otherwise edited, in accordance with an agreement between Mrs. Baird and the Editor, the former contributing for this purpose some information which did

not appear in the series as originally published in the *State Gazette*. It is hoped that space for the remainder of Mrs. Baird's Reminiscences—those relating especially to Wisconsin—may be found in Vol. XV of these *Collections*.— Ed.

To live among the Indians and not to fear them, would scarcely seem possible to many a reader; yet this was true of the writer, whose childhood was passed among them. To know we had Indian blood in our veins was in one respect a safeguard, in another a great risk. Each tribe was ever at enmity with the others. No one could foretell what might happen when by chance two or more tribes should meet, or encamp at any one place at the same time. This, however, would be of rare occurrence. Unless on the war-path, Indians keep by themselves.

Many of their habits were startling. It was their custom while in towns to saunter about the streets in a very indifferent manner; and if they chose, to take a look at the interior 2 18 of any house they might be passing. Men, women, or children, would spread their blankets to the top of their heads, to exclude the light, and then peer in through the windows, to their heart's content. This was done at any home and no one dared resist the intrusion. Indians never herald their approach, either in peace or war. They never knock at a door; but stalk in, and squat themselves on the floor. All this refers to the Indians of the first third of our century. You always heard a man come in, as his step was firm, proud, and full of dignity. The women, however, made no sound.

From the time of the war of 1812, the British government paid to all Indians who had fought for them, an annuity, which they called “presents;” and every year, all of these Indians, from north to south, east to west, would go to Canada to receive their “presents,” which were really very fine. Each man and woman received handsome broadcloth,—blue, black, and scarlet, with various colored ribbons to garnish it. Beads also were given to all, and silver ornaments. The chiefs alone wore hats, encircled by silver bands from one to two inches wide. There were armlets also of silver three or four inches wide, to wear on the arms above and below the elbow. Earrings and brooches for both sexes were among

the “presents;” these were of solid silver. The Indians, in their usual improvident manner, would, on 19 their long journey to Canada, get out of provisions, and gladly offer the silver ornaments received the previous year, in exchange for bread and potatoes; they never cared for meat. Purchasers of this silver were plentiful, and much of it afterwards found its way into the white man's melting pot. It was in these journeyings that occasionally, under stress of weather, they would be obliged to encamp in or near some white settlement. What rejoicing when they left!

All of these Indians had to go by the way of the island of Mackinac, to reach Canada. In this way, I learned much of their manners; some were terrifying. I was very clannish. Individually I feared all Indians except our own—Ottawas and Chippewas. My dislike for other tribes was an inheritance. Of all the tribes, Winnebagoes were my especial dread. Although I disliked the Sioux, I did not fear them; but the Winnebagoes I knew to be a cruel people, and stood in terror of them.

I was particularly fond of the Island of Mackinac in winter, with its ice-bound shore. In some seasons, ice mountains loomed up, picturesque and color-enticing, in every direction. At other seasons, the ice would be as smooth as one could wish. There was then hardly any winter communication with the outer world; for about eight months in the year, the island lay dormant. A mail would come across the ice from the mainland, once a month, to disturb the peace of the inhabitants; its arrival was a matter of profound and agitating interest.

The dwellers on the island were mostly Roman Catholics. There was, however, no priest stationed here at that early day; but occasionally one would come, and keep alive the little spark, kindled so many years before by the devoted Jesuit missionaries.

Mackinac, or Michillimackinac (the “great turtle”),1 saw the great fur-trade emporium of the West. All the traders

1 Such is the etymology, as given by most of the popular writers, the supposition being that it refers to the oval shape of the island. The Ottawa chief, A. J. Blackbird, in his *History of the Ottawa and Chippewa Indians of Michigan*, (Ypsilanti, Mich., 1887), pp. 19. 20, gives a far different derivation, he traces the name back to “Mishinemackinong”, the dwelling place of the Mishinemackinawgo, a small tribe, early allies of the Ottawas, but practically annihilated by the Iroquois, during one of the Northwestern raids of the latter.—Ed.

20 came here to sell their furs and buy their supplies, and the goods which they bartered for furs in the distant forests. These goods were brought from Montreal in birch. bark canoes by way of Niagara Falls, the Indians carrying the loads over the portage.

About the year 1802, Alexis Laframboise, a man of means, came to Mackinac in the interests of the fur trade. His wife and her sister accompanied him. They were educated women, members of the Catholic church, and grieved deeply over the lack of school and church advantages in this far-off island. There was no church of any denomination, you might almost say no religion; no schools, and no amusements of any kind. Miss Angelique Adhemar, sister of Madame Madeline Laframboise, was induced to open a school soon after her arrival, and one of her pupils, Miss La Salière (afterwards Mrs. Henry Fisher, and my mother), was permitted in after years to be the means of spreading through all adjoining parts of this region the education which she had received. Laframboise himself not long after died, and his women-folk returned to Montreal, regretting that the great work had to be left unfinished. But the seed which had been sown by Father Marquette, and cultivated by these devout ladies, bore a hundred-fold in after years.

The Catholic faith prevailing, it followed as a matter of course that the special holidays of the church were always observed in a memorable, pleasant manner in one's own family, in which some friends and neighbors would participate. Some weeks before Christmas, the denizens of the island met in turn at each other's homes, and read the prayers, chanted psalms, and unfailingly repeated the litany of the saints. On Christmas eve, both sexes

would read and sing, the service lasting till midnight. After this, a *réveillon* (midnight treat) would be partaken of by all. 21 The last meeting of this sort which I attended, was at our own home, in 1823. This affair was considered the high feast of the season, and no pains was spared to make the accompanying meal as good as the island afforded. The cooking was done at an open fire. I wish I could remember in full the bill of fare; however, I will give all that I recall. We will begin with the roast pig; roast goose; chicken pie; round of beef, *à la mode; pattes d'ours* (bear's paws, called so from the shape, and made of chopped meat in crust, corresponding to rissoles); sausage; head-cheese; souse; small-fruit preserves; small cakes. Such was the array. No one was expected to partake of every dish, unless he chose. Christmas was observed as a holy-day. The children were kept at home, and from play, until nearly night-time, when they would be allowed to run out and bid their friends a “Merry Christmas,” spending the evening, however, at home with the family, the service of prayer and song being observed as before mentioned. All would sing; there was no particular master,—it was the sentiment, that was so pleasing to us; the music we did not care so much for.

As soon as *la féte de Nöel* , or Christmas-tide, had passed, all the young people were set at work to prepare for New Year's. Christmas was not the day to give and receive presents; this was reserved for New Year's. On the eve of that day, great preparations were made by a certain class of elderly men, usually fishermen, who went from house to house in grotesque dress, singing and dancing. Following this they would receive gifts. Their song was often quite terrifying to little girls, as the gift asked for in the song was *la fille aînée* , the eldest daughter.1 The song ran thus:

1 The lines here given are but one of many versions of the *Guignolée*—a song, and also a custom, brought to Canada by its first French colonists; and a more or less Christianized survival of Druidic times. This name (also appearing as *La Ignolée, Guilloée*, etc.) is a corruption of the cry, *Au gui l'an neaf!* “To the mistletoe, this new year!” See account of this

custom, with the words and music of the song, Gagnon's *Chansons Populaires du Canada* (Quebec, 1894), pp. 238–253.— Ed.

Bon jour, le Maitre et la Maitresse, Et tout le monde du loger. Si vous voulez nous rien donner, dites-le nous; Nous vous demandons seulement la fille aînée!

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As they were always expected, every one was prepared to receive them. This ended the last day of the year. After evening prayer in the family, the children would retire early. At the dawn of the New Year, each child would go to the bedside of its parents to receive their benediction—a most beautiful custom. My sympathies always went out to children who had no parents near.

In 1812, three years after her marriage, Mrs. Henry Fisher (my mother) left her home at Prairie du Chien to visit, as she then thought, her parents at the old island home. She had been at Mackinac but a short time when war was declared with England, and all the country hereabout was in arms; Indians in all directions were on the war path. As the result of that war my mother's home at Prairie du Chien was broken up and she never returned there, but with me (then two years old) made her future home with her parents at Mackinac.

At the time when George Schindler lost health and property and became a cripple, his wife (Thérèse, and my maternal grandmother) bravely took up the burden and continued the business of fur trade with the Indians. Grandfather Schindler was a man of scholarly attainments, and when he could no longer lead an active life he opened a school for boys, in which many of the early American settlers received their education, among them being Hercules L. Dousman, afterward a familiar name.

About this time, the late Robert Stuart, manager of the American Fur Company, persuaded my mother to open a school for the traders' daughters. Mackinac was the principal depot of supplies for the fur traders; they came there in great numbers in the summer, with their

furs. After making their purchases they would return to the Indian country, where they had their homes and their Indian 23 wives. Many had large families, and as the children matured the fathers were loth to have them live among the Indians. It was for these girls that my mother opened a school, the first boarding school in the Northwest. It was not however, a school of the modern sort. The girls were taught to read, to write, and to sew, which latter accomplishment included the art of cutting and making their own clothes. In addition, they were taught general housekeeping. These girls ranged in age from twelve to eighteen, all old enough to be a great charge; but they were good girls. It is a remarkable fact, that without exception they each had in after years histories worthy of record.

Reminiscences of childhood at Mackinac hold much that to-day would be novel to many, if not of interest to all. A description of my carriole, or dog-sledge, holds a pleasant place in memory. It was handsome in shape, with a high back, and sides sloping gracefully to the front. The outside color was a dark green, the inside a cream color, and the runners black. It was drawn by two large dogs harnessed tandem—one perfectly white, the other black. The white was an old dog which had seen much service; his name was “Caribou,” the black responded to the name of “Nero.” The young man who drove them, was François Lacroix This rig we owned from the time I was about seven years old until I reached ten, possibly later. The name of my carriole was “la Boudeuse” (pouter); why, I cannot imagine. Dogs cannot be broken or trained to the harness in the manner that horses are; they will not be driven with bridle or rein. A person must run along beside them to keep them in order. In a long journey the traveler takes the risk of a continuous trip. His team may pursue its way steadily for awhile, doing so as long as nothing appears on the way to excite them; but let a bird or rabbit or any other game cross their vision and away they will go, the dog-sledge, passenger and all, as there is no way of stopping them. One may have a merry ride, if the way be smooth, before they give up the chase.

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How well I remember my outdoor gear in winter, a long circular cloak, of snuff-brown broadcloth; over this a large cape of the same material, braided all round in Roman border.

Let me say here that machine-made braid was not to be purchased in this part of the world; this was plaited, of black worsted. My cap was of plucked beaver, and my mittens were of buckskin, fur-lined. Moccasins were of course indispensable.

A snow storm occurred at Mackinac in my childhood, which is always recalled each season, as it was the snow storm that surpassed all others. It began after the manner of all such storms, but its ending proved something more formidable. As hour after hour feathery flakes followed each other down, no one paid much attention to them, save the weather-wise fisherman who went often to his door to study the clouds. Many were the anxious thoughts he gave to his nets on the lake, which he knew his dogs could not reach in the newly-fallen snow. All day it snowed, and during the night the storm increased in violence, yet no one was apprehensive. But the next morning revealed a buried town—only the fort and a few houses on the hill side showing at all through the white mass. People had to dig themselves out of this “beautiful snow;” or, as in most cases, wait to be dug out. The commanding officer of the fort, Benjamin K. Pierce (a brother of the president, James K.), sent a detachment of soldiers to the rescue. The place looked novel indeed, with only narrow, high-walled paths from house to house. As the storm came from the northeast, our home was sheltered in such a way as to be among the few not out of sight. This snow storm afforded rare sport for the boys, who made other thoroughfares by tunnelling paths from house to house. I do not remember that this storm was in any sense disastrous, for as the wind blew strongly towards the island it left the ice clear of snow and the fishermen were able to get to their nets; thus no suffering was entailed upon the little town.

In the fall of 1815, Madame Marie Chandonée, *née* Chapoton, 25 with her infant son, left Detroit to join her husband, Jean B. Chandonée, in Chicago. When she reached Mackinac, her child was too ill to travel farther; and when he recovered, it was too late that season to resume the journey. Although it was only October, no vessel would brave the autumnal storms, and there was no alternative for Mme. Chandonée but to make Mackinac her home for the winter with her husband's aunt, Mme. Thérèse Schindler. Spring came and went, and not until the middle or last of June, 1816, did the first vessel present itself for

this route. Then Mme. Chandonée, with her little one, accompanied by my mother and me, embarked again for Chicago. The vessel had the then familiar load of pork, flour, and butter. I know not how long she was in going or coming; I only know she was one month making the round trip, which was thought to be doing well.

There were no ports on the west side of Lake Michigan, at which to stop. But when we reached Chicago, there was considerable delay in getting into the river. It was a very narrow stream, with high banks of white sand. Not far up the river, stood Fort Dearborn, only a few rods from the water's edge.1 Directly opposite the fort was the Kinzie homestead, with all its comforts. The house was a large, one-story building, with an exceptionally high attic. The front door opened into a wide hall, that hospitably led into the kitchen, which was spacious and bright, made so by the large fire-place. Four rooms opened into the hall, two on each side, and the upper story contained four rooms, The fare of that house was all an epicure of the present day could desire, including game and fish of all sorts; and then the cooking was done by open fire-place, in its best style.

1 See Chicago *Tribune*, Nov. 28, 1897, p. 29, for citations of documentary evidence of the actual site of Fort Dearborn, with cuts based on contemporary sketches of the fort, made in 1808 by Capt. John Whistler, its builder.— Ed.

We were entertained by the hospitable inmates of this pleasant home, Mr. and Mrs. Kinzie (father and mother of 26 John H.) being old friends of my mother. Mme. Chandonée was a stranger to the family; but her husband was an inmate of the household, being there in employ of the government. The establishment consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Kinzie, two sons and two daughters, and the men and women retainers, who seemed to be many. This home, the garrison, and the home of Jean Baptist Beaubien, were all there was of Chicago at that time.

The only way of crossing the river was by a wooden canoe or dug-out. My mother, who feared the water very much, forbade me crossing over. The Kinzie children were so

accustomed to this mode of crossing, going whenever they wished, that without realizing my mother's fears they took me over with them, and I recall to this day the pleasure the dug-out gave me. The sailors were a little girl about ten years of age, and a boy of eight. With such a crew did I first cross Chicago river in 1816. The other amusements the surroundings offered, were the walks and tumbles about the sand hills.

My mother had an old acquaintance (a beautiful woman, who was married at Mackinac), the invalid wife of an officer at Fort Dearborn. She was a Miss Aiken, one of the five daughters of a Mrs. Aiken of Montreal, nearly all of whom married army officers; Mrs. Aiken was a sister of Mrs. Michael Dousman, of Prairie du Chien.

Mrs. Kinzie had a daughter by a former husband, who was married to a man named Helms. Their home was at some distance, on the fort side of the river, and once my mother went to see this friend. The walk thither was quite long for the children. On our arrival we found a little square house, with no floor, but tarpaulin spread down in lieu of it. Tarpaulin was also hang about the walls. The writer wonders where to-day in all that vast city, is the site of that humble home! In after years, Mrs. Helms, then a widow, went to Fort Winnebago to make her home there with her brother, John H. Kinzie, who was Indian agent at that post. She was, I think, the first white woman who traveled from Fort Winnebago to Green Bay 27 on horseback. She made the journey in the winter of 1833, and wore a mask to protect her face. She afterwards married Dr. Abbott, of the regular army.

We remained in Chicago for some time, the vessel master seeking for a cargo which was not secured. it was too early for furs, so finally the vessel had to take on a ballast of gravel and sand. Beside ourselves, the party who took passage on this vessel, were Major Baker, and his wife and daughter. The Major was then on his way to Green Bay to take command of Camp Smith. The daughter was an invalid, and had what is commonly called “fits.” She was seized with one in the cabin while I sat by her; and such an impression did her fright make that I have never forgotten Miss Jerusha Baker.

Pursuing our journey northward, we coasted along the east side of the lake, stopping where we could, to secure if possible a cargo; but failing, arrived at Mackinac with the same ballast with which we started from Chicago. One of the sailors was a colored man, who was uncommonly kind to me. One great amusement for me during the long trip, was hunting for shells in the sand in the hold of the vessel. This sailor would take me down, and while I played, sit by and mend his clothes, talking all the while to me, and I not understanding a word, as he spoke English, and I only French.

The day before the vessel arrived at Mackinac a storm came up, which increased in violence as night approached, and nearly dismantled the craft, she losing much of her rigging, and being thrown upon one of those rocky points, escape from which I have since heard was most providential. We reached home the following night, and this arrival made a lasting impression upon one so young. My grandparents seemed overwhelmed with joy, after the fears they had endured during the storm, to have restored to them all they held dearest in the world. Their happiness was indeed pathetic. I still have the keenest recollection of it. This trip might, like many other things, have been forgotten if it had not been the marked event of my little life 28 as it was that of my mother's, who had never before been on any water craft save a birch-bark canoe, or a bateau or Mackinac boat.

A visit to the sugar camp was a great treat to the young folks as well as to the old. In the days I write of, sugar was a scarce article, save in the Northwest, where maple sugar was largely manufactured. All who were able, possessed a sugar camp. My grandmother had one on Bois Blanc Island, about five miles east of Mackinac. About the first of March, nearly half of the inhabitants of our town, as well as many from the garrison, would move to Bois Blanc to prepare for the work. Our camp was delightfully situated in the midst of a forest of maple, or a maple grove. A thousand or more trees claimed our care, and three men and two women were employed to do the work.

The “camp”,— as we specifically styled the building in which the sugar was made, and the sugar-makers housed,—was made of poles or small trees, enclosed with sheets of cedar

bark, and was about thirty feet long by eighteen feet wide. On each side was a platform, about eighteen inches high and four feet wide. One side was intended for beds, and each bed when not in use was rolled up nicely, wrapped in an Indian mat, then placed back against the wall; the bedroom then became a sitting room. The walls on the inside were covered with tarpaulin, also the floor. The women's bedding was placed at one end of the platform. The platform on the opposite side served as a dining floor, one end of which was enclosed in cedar bark, forming a closet for the dishes and cooking utensils. The dishes consisted of some crockery, tin plates and cups, and wooden dishes and ladles. A wing was added at one end, for the men's bed-room.

At either end of the camp were doors, made large to admit heavy logs for the fire. The fire-place was midway between the two platforms, and extended to within six feet. of the doors. At each corner of the fire-place were large posts, firmly planted in the ground and extending upwards 29 about five feet or more. Large timbers were placed lengthwise on top of these posts, and across the timbers extended bars from which, by chains and hoops, were suspended large brass kettles, two on each bar. On the dining-room side, half way up the wall, ran a pole, horizontally. This was to hold in place hemlock branches, which were brought in fresh every evening. The place between the fire and platforms was kept very neat by a thick, heavy broom, made of cedar branches, cut off evenly on the bottom, and with a long handle. These brooms are still used by semi-civilized Indians.

The hanging of the kettle was quite a test of skill, requiring three persons to perform the task. The fire had to be burning briskly when the hanging began. It was the duty of one person to hang the kettle properly; of the second, to pour in immediately a small quantity of sap to keep the vessel from burning; of the third, to fill it with the sap. The peak of the roof was left open to allow the smoke to escape,—and at night to let in the stars, as was my childish fancy. In early morning, the birds would arouse us to listen to their songs and catch a sight of the waning stars. Blue jays were especially numerous, and so tame that one could fairly enjoy them. Other birds would in turn sing and whistle, as the stars disappeared and the day dawned. An owl made its abiding-place in a tree near by,

sentinel-like, and ever uttered its coo-coo-coo-hoo. as the Indian had named its utterance. The sound of the whip-poor-will was a harbinger of spring, and a warning that the time to cease sugar-making had arrived.

Now for the work: All the utensils used in making sugar were of that daintiest of material, birch-bark. The *casseau* to set at the tree, to catch the sap, was a birch-bark dish, holding from one to two gallons. The pails for carrying the sap were of the same material, and held from three to four gallons. The men placed a *gauje* or yoke on their shoulders, then a bucket would be suspended on each side. The women seldom used this yoke, but assisted the men in carrying the buckets, doing so in the usual manner. The 30 mocock, in which the sugar was packed, was also of birchbark and held from thirty to eighty pounds. The bark was. gathered in the summer at Bark Point. The name was afterward done into French as “Point aux Ecorces,” meaning “bark point.” The sailors now miscall it, “Point au Barques.”

The *gouttière* or spout, which was made of basswood, had to be cleaned each spring, before it was placed in the tree; the birch-bark for the *casseau* was cleaned by taking off a layer of the inner bark and then washing it, The buckets were made by sewing the seams with *bast* (which is taken from the inner bark of basswood), then gummed over with pine pitch. They also were carefully washed and dried before use. As a matter of course, the larger vessels to receive the sap were barrels made of oak. No pine was ever used about the camp, as that would impart a disagreeable taste. The strainers were made of a particular kind of flannel, of very coarse thread and not woolly, brought especially for this purpose by the merchants. I remember well, the cleaning of these. After they had been used, they were put into a tub of very hot water and washed (without soap); or pounded, rather, with a *battoir* or beetle, then rinsed in many waters.

By this time the sap must be boiling. It takes over twenty-four hours to make the sap into syrup, and the boiling is usually begun in the morning. The fire is kept bright all day and night. Two women are detailed to watch the kettles closely, for when the sap boils down

nearly to syrup, it is liable to bubble over at any moment. The women therefore stand by with a branch of hemlock in hand; as soon the liquid threatens to boil over, they dip the branch in quickly, and, it being cool, the syrup is settled for a while. When at this stage, it requires closest watching. When the sap has boiled down about one-half, the women have to transfer the contents of one kettle to another, as the kettles must be kept full for fear of scorching the top of the kettle, which would spoil all. As fast as a kettle is emptied it will be filled with water and set 31 aside, awaiting the general cleaning. The kettles require the utmost care, being scoured as soon as possible each time emptied, keeping one woman employed nearly all of the time. Sand and water are the cleansing agents used.

All this time, if the weather favors the running of the sap, it is brought as fast as possible, and the boiling goes on. At this period, my grandmother would send me my little barrel full of the syrup. This miniature barrel I still have in my possession. The barrel bears the date 1815, and is now dark and polished with age, and is a rare memento of those halcyon days.1 It holds less than a pint, and was made by an Ottawa Indian, out of a solid piece of wood, sides and ends all one, the interior being ingeniously burned out through the bung-hole. The receipt of this was the signal that the time had come when I too might visit the camp.

1 It is now in the possession of the author's daughter, Mrs. Louise Favill, of Madison, Wis. —Ed.

When made, the syrup is placed in barrels, awaiting the time when it can be made into sugar of various kinds, the *modus operandi* thus: a very bright brass kettle is placed over a slow fire (it cannot be done at boiling time, as then a brisk fire is required),—this kettle containing about three gallons of syrup, if it is to be made into cakes; if into *cassonade* , or granulated sugar, two gallons of syrup are used. For the sugar cakes, a board of basswood prepared, about five or six inches wide, with moulds gouged in, in form of bears, diamonds, crosses, rabbits, turtles, spheres, etc. When the sugar is cooked to a certain degree, it is poured into these moulds. For the granulated sugar, the stirring is continued

for a longer time, this being done with a long paddle which looks like a mushstick. This sugar has to be put into the mocock while warm, as it will not pack well if cold. This work is especially difficult; only a little can be made at a time, and it was always done under my grandmother's immediate supervision.

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The sugar-gum, or wax, is also made separately. Large wooden bowls, or birch-bark *casseaus* , are filled with snow, and when the syrup is of the right consistence it is poured upon the snow in thin sheets. When cooled it is put into thin birch-bark, maple into a neat package, and tied with bast. The syrup made for table use is boiled very thick, which prevents its souring. For summer use, it is put into jugs and buried in the ground two or three feet deep, where it will keep a year, more or less.

The trip to Bois Blanc I made in my dog-sled. François Lacroix (the son of a slave), whom my grandmother reared, was my companion. The ride over the ice, across the lake, was a delightful one; and the drive through the woods (which were notably clear of underbrush), to the camp, about a mile from the shore, was equally charming.

The pleasures of the camp were varied. In out-of-door amusement, I found delight in playing about great trees that had been uprooted in some wind storm. Frequently, each season, near the close of sugar-making, parties of ladies and gentlemen would come over from Mackinac, bent on a merry time, which they never failed to secure.

One time, a party of five ladies and five gentlemen were invited to the camp. Each lady brought a frying-pan in which to cook and turn *les crêpes* or pancakes, which was to be the special feature and fun of the occasion. All due preparation was made for using the frying-pan. We were notified that no girl was fitted to be married until she could turn a *crêpe* . Naturally, all were desirous to try their skill in that direction, whether matrimonially inclined or not. The gentlemen of the party tried their hand at it, as well as the ladies.
It may not be amiss here to explain what to turn the *crêpe* meant; when the cake was

cooked on one side, it was dexterously tossed in the air and expected to land, the other side up, back in the pan. Never did I see objects miss so widely the mark aimed at. It seemed indeed that the *crêpes* were influenced by the glee of the party; they turned and flew everywhere, but where wanted Many fell into the fire, as if the turner had so intended. 33 Some went to the ground, and one even found its way to the platform, over the head of the turner. One gentleman (Henry S. Baird) came up to Mrs. John Dousman, and holding out his nice fur cap, said, “Now turn your cake, and I will catch it.” Mrs. Dousman was an adept at turning, and before the challenger had time to withdraw his cap, with a toss she deftly turned the cake and landed it fairly into the cap. You may imagine the sport all this afforded. In due time, a nice dinner was prepared. We had partridges roasted on sticks before the fire; rabbit and stuffed squirrel, cooked French fashion; and finally had as many *crêpes* , with syrup, as we desired. Every one departed with a bark of wax, and sugar cakes.

The year before, I was weather-bound at the camp. The sugar-making was ended, and the camp broken up. the utensils were placed in the house; the kettles were set upside down on the platform; the *casseaus* had the two stitches that held them in place as a dish taken out, leaving them as square pieces of bark; all these squares were tied in packages of a hundred each, and laid on the other platform; the barrels were placed between the fireplace and the platform; the remaining fuel was taken in, under shelter. Then some cedar bark was placed over the opening in the roof, and doors made fast by logs rolled before them. I do not remember that our premises were ever molested. In this fashion, was the camp left through every winter. Occasionally during the season that followed, it was the habit of François Lacroix to cross over and see that all was safe, returning with a goodly load of pigeons or ducks.

This time, we were waiting for them to come from the island, for us and our goods. It was a difficult thing to achieve, this particular season, as the ice had broken up in the lakes before the sugar-making was ended, and we had to wait until the ice had drifted off. When all was supposed to be safe, a birch-bark canoe, with a small crew, came to Bois Blanc

to take us home. Reports were fair, 3 34 all of the ice having gone down the lake, leaving clear water. We started with a heavy load, consisting of all the baggage of the camp, the sugar, etc. About half-way between the islands the steersman cried out, “Ice coming down!” Surely it was coming, and coming fast, as the wind had risen and was blowing the detached floes towards us. There was no escape, as in all directions the great cakes appeared, surrounding, though not yet upon us. To advance was perilous, to retreat was equally so, so rapidly were they closing in upon us. With their paddles, the men pushed off the ice so that it might not touch the frail canoe. Our craft floated down some distance on the shore side of the ice, when kind Providence opened a way out of peril for us. A large cake of ice had drifted to the beach and grounded there. One of our men fastened a rope around his waist, and jumped upon this cake, which was so porous that he could hardly keep erect upon it. The men in the boat watched anxiously, ready to pull the rope should the ice prove unsafe. He reported it fast aground, so our canoe was paddled beyond it and we were safely landed on Bois Blanc. Fortunately for us we knew a few of the inhabitants who lived on this shore of the island. One Mollier was quite anxious to entertain us, but from choice we went to the house of Mrs. Terrien (a fisherman's wife). The next day, the lake being clear of ice, we started early and got home in good time. Who that knew it, can ever forget the sufferings of the one at home, whose mother and only child were embarked in that frail canoe?

In the early days of which these articles treat, the society at Mackinac was very small in winter. The people were mostly French, with the habits of France, but not with the frivolities of Paris—instead, good, sensible people. There were a few families on the island of Scotch descent, and several of mixed blood. Although small, the society was aristocratic in tendency. The fort was garrisoned by American officers, some of whom had French wives; among them may be mentioned Captain Brooks, whose wife was a French lady from Detroit, whose sister, Miss Mai, made 35 her home with them. Then there was Mrs. Whistler, wife of Major Whistler; she was of Scotch and French descent.

One interesting and wealthy family was that of Dr. David Mitchell,1 which consisted of his wife (of mixed blood), and a number of sons and daughters. The daughters, at the time now mentioned, had returned from Europe, where they had received the education which at that day was given young ladies. The sons were sent to Montreal for their education. This family were, of course, all British subjects. When the island was ceded to the United States, Dr. Mitchell would not remain there but followed the troops to Drummond's Island, where he made himself a home and where the remainder of his days were spent. His wife retained her old home at Mackinac, with the daughters and two sons. Mrs. Mitchell and her sons continued in the fur trade and added much to an already large fortune, for the trade maple all rich. The mother and daughters would, in turn, visit Dr. Mitchell during the summer, but would not take the risk of a winter's visit. Two of the sons, however, remained with their father.

1 Mitchell was a surgeon in the British army, who married an Ottawa woman. He had been surgeon at Old Mackinaw, but soon after the Pontiac massacre moved to the island.— Ed.

The old homestead, which was built while Mackinac was under British rule, is still standing. It was the largest dwelling-house ever erected on the island. It is two stories high, with a high attic, this having dormer windows. The grounds surrounding it were considered large, running through from one street to another. The three daughters were handsome, attractive, and entertaining ladies. Winter being long and dull, these young ladies would invite a lady friend or two to spend it with them. In the winter of 1808–9, Miss Marianne Lasalière (my mother) visited them. The July following, one of the daughters was married and went to Europe to make her home there. My mother was also married in the same month, and she went to make her new home at Prairie du Chien. The two young ladies remaining now felt more lonely than ever, and desired greatly 36 the presence of some of their young lady friends to shorten the otherwise dreary winter days. In the winter of 1816–17 Miss Josette Laframboise visited them, and it was on this visit that she made

the acquaintance of Capt. Benjamin K. Pierce, commander of Fort Mackinac, whom she afterwards married.

In addition to this home, Mrs. David Mitchell owned and cultivated a large farm on the southwest side of the island. It might be called a hay farm, as hay was the principal and always a large crop. Hay was a very expensive article at Mackinac, at that time. It was customary for men to go to the surrounding islands, mow what grass they could among the bushes, remain there until the hay was cured, then return for boats to convey it to Mackinac. Potatoes were also largely cultivated by Mrs. Mitchell, and “Mackinac potatoes” were regarded as the choicest in this part of the country. Oats and corn were also raised. An attempt was made to raise fruit trees, but with small success; these did better in town. The farm house was comfortable-looking, one story in height, painted white, with green blinds; a long porch ran across the front. This house stood in about the center of the farm, far back from the road. The farm was noted also for its fine springs. Then there was Mrs. Mitchell's garden, which lay between he bluff or hill, and the lake; on one side lay the government garden, and on the other was “the point.” It was a large plot, two or three acres in extent, and was entirely enclosed by cedar pickets five feet high, whitewashed, as were all enclosures at Mackinac. All vegetables that would grow in so cold a climate were cultivated. It was an every-day occurrence to see Mrs. Mitchell coming to inspect her garden, riding in her calash, a two-wheeled vehicle, being her own driver. When the old lady arrived the men would hasten to open the gate, then she would drive in; and there, in the large space in front of the garden beds, in the shade. the man would fasten the horse, while “my lady” would walk all over the grounds giving her orders. The refuse of this garden, the rakings, etc., were 37 carried to the shore and made a conspicuous dark spot, like an island on the white beach, which in later years grew into a considerable point and was covered with verdure.

Her speech was peculiar. English she could not speak at all, but would mix the French with her own language, which was neither Ottawa nor Chippewa. There were not many who could understand her; there was, however, one old man who had lived for a great

many years with the family, who was a natural interpreter and seemed perfectly to comprehend her. And yet, she got along admirably in company. She had many signs that were expressive, and managed to make her wishes clear to the ladies. When her daughters were at home, her linguistic troubles vanished. She was quite large, tall, and heavy. Her dress was as peculiar as her conversation. She always wore black,—usually her dresses were of black silk, which were always made in the same manner. A full skirt was gathered and attached to a plain waist. There were two large pockets on the skirt, and she always stood with her hands in these. About her neck was a black neckerchief; on her head she wore a black beaver hat, with a modest plume at one side. There were ties, but nowhere else on the bonnet was ribbon used. This bonnet she wore day and night. I do not think she slept in it, but never did I know of any one who had ever seen her without it. She was an intelligent woman, with exceptional business faculties, although devoid of book-learning. Her skill in reading character was considerable. Such was the “Mistress of the manse.”

The home became greatly changed, after the daughters were all married and had taken up their abode elsewhere. But on the arrival of the younger son from school, social life again awakened, and the former gayety of the house was revived. He gave many parties of all kinds, including card parties, which his mother particularly enjoyed, as she was an experienced whist player. He frequently gave dancing parties, which one of his lady neighbors—the wife of John K. Pierce, a brother of the president,— managed for him, his mother never assuming any care in regard to them. 38 Yet she was fond of social gatherings, and attended all that were given. When there was no card playing, she sat by and watched the dancing, and was always surrounded by a group of ladies and gentlemen. She must have been more tractive than my youthful eyes could perceive, for she received much attention. She kept many servants, who were in the charge of a housekeeper. It was said she knew not the use of a needle. Her youngest son was a gentleman the world, though not at all wild. Pie spent as much money as he could, on the dear island home. The first winter after his return home, in 1823, he had two handsome

horses, one black and the other white, which he drove tandem; it was an attractive turnout. He died poor.

Joseph Laframboise, a Frenchman, father of Josette Laframboise, dealt largely with the Indians. He was firm, determined man, and moreover was especially devout, adhering to all the rites and usages of the Catholic Church. He was especially particular as to the observance of the *Angelus* . Out in the Indian country, timed by his watch, he was as faithful in this discharge of duty as elsewhere. Whenever in any town where the bells of his church rang out three times three,—at six in the morning, at noon, and at six in the evening,—he and his family paid reverent heed to it. Madame Laframboise, his widow, maintained this custom as long as she lived, and it was very impressive. The moment the *Angelus* sounded, she would drop her work, make the sign of the cross, and with bowed head and crossed hands would say the short prayers, which did not last much longer than the solemn ringing of the bells.

In 1809, Laframboise left Mackinac with his wife and baby-boy (the daughter being at Montreal, at school) for his usual wintering place on the upper part of Grand river, in Michigan. They traveled in Mackinac boats, or bateaux. There were two boats, with a crew of six men to each. Their were also accompanied by their servants,—old Angelique, a slave, and her son, Louizon—all of whom made a large party. At the last encampment, before reaching Grand 39 river, Laframboise, while kneeling in his tent one night saying his prayers, was shot dead by an Indian, who had previously asked for liquor and had been refused. The widowed wife, knowing that she was nearer Grand river than her own home, journeyed on, taking the remains of her husband with her, and had them buried at the only town in that vicinity. which was near the entrance of the river—the present Grand Haven, Mich. Now was developed the unselfish devotion of her servant, Angelique, whose faithfulness was displayed in many ways through the deep affliction which had fallen upon her mistress. She greatly endeared herself to Madame Laframboise, and was ever after her constant companion in all journeyings, Madame becoming in time very

dependent upon her; the tie that bound them together remained unbroken until the death of the mistress.

After Madame Laframboise had laid away her husband, she proceeded to her place of business. Here she remained until spring, trading with the Indians. Then she returned to Mackinac and procured a license as a trader, and added much to her already large fortune. In the course of that winter the Indians captured the murderer of Laframboise, and, bringing him to her, desired that she should decide his fate,—whether he should be shot or burned. Madame addressed them eloquently, referring, in words profoundly touching, to her dead husband, his piety, and his good deeds. Then, displaying in her forgiving spirit a most Christ-like quality, she continued: “I will do as I know he would do, could he now speak to you; I will forgive him, and leave him to the Great Spirit. He will do what is right.” She never again saw that man.

Madame Laframboise would in June return with her furs to Mackinac. The servants whom she left in care of her home there, would have it in readiness upon her arrival, and here she would keep house for about three months and then go back to her work. Among these servants was one notably faithful, Geneviéve Maranda, who remained with her until her death.

40

Madame Laframboise was a remarkable woman in many ways. As long as her father, Jean Baptiste Marcotte, lived, his children, when old enough, were sent to Montreal be educated. But she and her sister, Grandmother Schindler, did not share these advantages, they being the youngest of the family, and the father dying when Madame Laframboise was but three months old. Her mother was of chiefly blood, being the daughter of Ke-wi-na-quot (Returning Cloud), one of the most powerful chiefs of the Ottawa tribe. She had no book-lore, but many might be proud of her attainments. She spoke French easily, having learned it from her husband. All conversation in that day was as a rule held in French. Robert Stuart, a Scotchman, who was educated in Paris, used to say that her diction was

as pure as that of a Parisian. She was a graceful and refined person, and remarkably entertaining. She always wore the full Indian costume, and there was at that time no better fur trader than she. She had both the love and respect of the Indians that her husband had had before her. She, indeed, had no fear of the Indians, no matter what their condition; she was always able to control them.

Now to return to Josette Laframboise's marriage to Capt. Benjamin K. Pierce, commandant of Fort Mackinac (and brother of the President). This marriage took place the home of a great friend of the young lady's. An officer's widow, in writing her husband's military life, speaks of his being ordered to the command of Captain Pierce, at Fort Mackinac, in 1816, and says that the captain there met a half-breed girl whom he addressed and married. This “half-breed girl” was a highly educated and cultivated woman. Her graceful demeanor was a charm. She was small in person, a clear brunette with black eyes and very black, wavy hair. She was both handsome and agreeable. What wonder was it, that a young man should be won by so winsome a maiden?

In May, 1817, Madame Laframboise arrived in Mackinac by bateau with her furs. She then hired a birch-bark canoe and Indian crew to take her to Montreal, where she went 41 to place her boy in school. Her daughter was to be married that summer, but had to await her mother's return. As soon as the mother did return, the wedding took place. As Madame could not have time to open her house and make preparations at that late date, the home of Mrs. Mitchell, previously mentioned, was insisted upon, by her whole family, as being the place for the wedding. The friendship between the families was sincere, and in this home, famed for its handsome weddings, another was added to the list. To this wedding, none but the officers and families of the garrison, and only two families of the town, were invited. The mother and aunt (Madame Schindler) were present in full Indian costume.

After the marriage, the captain took his wife to the fort, and Madame Laframboise departed to resume her winter's work. Mrs. Pierce did not live long. She died in 1821, leaving two children. The son did not long survive his mother. Captain Pierce was ordered from

Mackinac that winter. The following spring he came for his daughter, Harriet. From that date, Madame Laframboise closed her business with the American Fur Company, and remained at home. She at this time left her old house and went into that which Captain Pierce had, with her means, built for her. Both houses are yet standing. I have stated that Madame Laframboise was a remarkable woman. When she was between forty and fifty years of age, she taught herself to read. It was no indifferent piece of work either, as she became able to read any French book she could obtain. She was a devoted Catholic, and worked for the church as long as she lived, greatly to the satisfaction of the poor, for whom she did much. It had been her practice to take girls, or any young woman who had had no opportunity to receive instruction in church matters, and have them taught by persons whom she herself hired. In this Way she began to teach herself. It was not long before she could instruct children in their catechism. It was through her, mainly, that the priest was supported. Among her gifts to the church at Mackinac was the lot on which the church now 42 stands, and she and her daughter lie buried beneath that edifice.1

1 See sketch of Madame Madeline Laframboise in *Wis. Hist. Colls*., xi, pp. 373, 374.— Ed.

The former home of Madame Laframboise was within a few rods of the home of her sister, Madame Schindler. The pleasures of that home for the few weeks she remained there, are vividly recalled; yet they were pleasures that one can hardly understand at the present time. The pleasures of past times cannot readily be made real in the minds of the younger generation. There being no children at Madame's home, and being fond of her sister's grandchild,2 she begged that the little girl might stay with her while at Mackinac, to which they all agreed. But as she was an only and a spoiled child, it turned out that she had more than one home during that summer. The child was a precocious one, and afforded much amusement to her great-aunt. Old Angelique petted the little one greatly, and yet essayed to teach her some of the kinds of work in which she was proficient. Among the lessons imparted was that of waxing and polishing furniture. No one could tell who was the prouder, teacher or pupil. Angelique lived to see and play with the children of this petted and only child. She was an excellent housekeeper; she died at the residence of her son,

François Lacroix, who had married and moved to Cross Village,3 where his descendants now live. When he became of age, Madame Schindler gave him his freedom. His younger brother, Louizon, married, and with his family left Mackinac in a schooner in 1834, to go to Grand river. The vessel was wrecked on the way and all on board were lost. Angelique's daughter, Catishe, lived to be an old woman. She was the nurse of the spoiled child.

2 Mrs. Baird here refers to herself.— Ed.

3 L'Arbre Croche; now Harbor Springs, Mich.— Ed.

Madame Laframboise lived in her new home for several years. It was there that I and my children were made happy in after years. To visit at that home, also, came Madame's grand-daughter, Miss Harriet Pierce, who afterwards 43 married an army officer. She, too, died young. Her daughter, who is still living, is the wife of an officer in the army. The son, who was placed at school at Montreal, came home in due time and became a fur trader, married out in the Western country, and died there about 1854, leaving a large family. Madame Laframboise died April 4, 1846, aged 66 years.

At the same early period in which occurred the foregoing events, there lived at Mackinac Joseph Bailly, a Frenchman—and a fur trader, of course—who was living with his second family. Belonging to a distinguished family at Montreal, he had been well educated, yet his nature remained unchanged. He was not gentle, not coarse, but noisy. One was never at a loss to locate him, no matter what part of the island might contain him. His loud laughter and speech always betrayed his whereabouts. He was an exceptionally good-natured man, fond of entertaining his friends.

At one time he had an Indian wife and two children, a son and a daughter. After a time he left this family and took another Indian wife: a widow with one daughter, the latter's father being an Indian. Bailly had, by the second wife, four daughters, besides the step-daughter. All of these children he had had educated except the step-daughter. The daughter of the first wife, and two of those belonging to the second wife, attended the school which my

mother opened for the children of the fur-traders. Bailly's son was sent to Montreal to school, and returned a few years later a pompous man and a great dandy. He entered the American Fur Company's employ as a clerk, and lived at Prairie du Chien. He afterwards married a Miss Faribault, of a prominent family in Minnesota. All the children of the elder Bailly turned out well, and in the course of time he was legally married to the second wife. An Indian of unalloyed blood, who had been very little among the white people, she was a good woman, and possessed the gift so much prized among her people—that of a good story-teller. Her stories quite surpassed the “Arabian Nights” 44 in interest; one could have listened to her all day and never tired. They were told in the Ottawa language; perhaps they might not have been so interesting in any other.

But it is of the step-daughter I have the most to tell. She developed into a superior woman, and was pretty. She retained her mother's style of dress. The step-father was kind to her, yet it never seemed to occur to him to give her the education that was bestowed upon the others. She was fair-complexioned for an Indian, although her eyes were very black, and her hair equally so and of the thickest and longest. She was about seven years of age when her mother married Bailly, and when she began to know people other than her own, Madame Laframboise converted her to the Catholic faith. In the course of time there came to the island of Mackinac, a young man from the East, who was of an old and honored family of Philadelphia. He was a brother of Nicholas Biddle, president of the United States Bank during the administration of Andrew Jackson, and a relative of Commodore Biddle.

Edward Biddle became very much attached to this Indian girl. The attachment warmed into a sincere love on both sides. He did not know her language, neither did she understand his; but love needed no tongue. In 1819 they were married at her step-father's home. The ceremony was performed by the notary public, Samuel Abbott, who for years was the only functionary there invested with the necessary authority for that purpose.

Would that my pen might do justice to this wedding! It was most picturesque, yet no one can fully understand its attractiveness and novelty without some description of the

style of dress worn by the bride and others of the women: a double skirt made of fine narrow broadcloth, with but one pleat on each side; no fullness in front nor in the back. The skirt reached about half-way between the ankle and the knee, and was elaborately embroidered with ribbon and beads on both the lower and upper edges. On the lower, the width of the trimming was six inches, and on the upper, five inches. The same trimming extended up the 45 overlapping edge of the skirt. Above this horizontal trimming were rows upon rows of ribbon, four or five inches wide, placed so near together that only a narrow strip of the cloth showed, like a narrow cord. Accompanying this was worn a pair of leggins made of broadcloth. When the skirt is black, the leggins are of scarlet broadcloth, the embroidery about three inches from the side edge. Around the bottom the trimming is between four and five inches in width. The moccasins, also, were embroidered with ribbon and beads. Then we come to the blanket, as it is called, which is of fine broadcloth, either black or red, with most elaborate work of ribbon; no beads, however, are used on it. This is worn somewhat as the Spanish women wear their mantles. The waist, or sacque, is a sort of loose-fitting garment made of silk for extra occasions, but usually of calico. It is made plain, without either embroidery of ribbon or beads. The sleeves snugly fit the arm and wrist, and the neck has only a binding to finish it. Beads enough are worn around the neck to fill in and come down in front. Silver brooches are worn according to taste. The hair is worn plain, parted in the middle, braided down the back, and tied up again, making a double *queue* . At this wedding, four such dresses appeared—those of the bride, her mother, Madame Laframboise, and Madame Schindler.

Bailly himself was more noisy than ever, over this marriage. He was a vain man, and proud of his step-daughter; such a marriage and connection was more than he could bear quietly. Not long after he removed from the island, but made occasional visits there.

The newly married pair settled at Mackinac. They occupied one house for a few months, then moved into that which was their home for about fifty years, and where they both died. Three children were born to them. The eldest child, a daughter, was a beautiful girl. When old enough, her father sent her to the home of his brother, Nicholas Biddle, at

Philadelphia. There they took as much care in securing an education for her as if she had been their own. She came home to the island, to spend her vacations. 46 When she had finished her education, she returned to stay. Then the unhappiness of the family began. Miss Sophia Biddle was handsome, with elegant manners. Her father was rich and she had many admirers; among them, Lieutenant Pemberton, who afterwards, as Lieutenant-general Pemberton of the Confederate army, surrendered to General Grant at Vicksburg.

During the absence of Miss Biddle at Philadelphia, there arose on the island a most strange turmoil. In this wise it developed: in 1823–24, the Protestant Mission House was established as an Indian school, which many attended. Ottawa and Chippewa women were taken as servants and taught to work. The teachers were from the New England States. For a while the school seemed to prosper, but soon the efforts of the teachers were diverted to another channel. Proselyting seemed to pervade the atmosphere of the whole establishment. Every one seemed to feel it her duty to make a convert daily. For a while the Presbyterians had full sway; then the Roman Catholics took a decided stand against them. Certainly both denominations carried the feeling to great extent. It really seemed a religious war. One had to be either a Presbyterian or a Roman Catholic, in those days; nothing else would for a moment be tolerated. This state of things lasted for several years. Finally, annoyed beyond endurance, some of the military would no longer suffer this religious and called an Episcopal minister to serve as chaplain. Mackinac thereupon settled into a state of peace, and was again a pleasant place to live in and to visit.

It was during the height of this excitement that Miss Biddle returned home. She had many friends on the both sides; each felt sure of securing her, and between the opposing powers she was positively persecuted and unhappy. The advantages she had received harmful. The foolish girl was ashamed of her blood and could not bear to have strangers see this dear, good mother of hers, because she was an Indian. Both father and mother perceived her feeling with pain. Mr. Biddle was strongly 47 attached to his wife and children, and the unfortunate mood of this daughter filled him with sorrow. At this time the Presbyterians felt that Miss Biddle would identify herself with them, as every one saw she would not

walk to church with her mother, and felt confident she would go away entirely from her. But another force was now brought to bear upon the young woman. The Catholics had the best among the priests, that they could procure, come to the island and labor in earnestness with her. Her friends, too, were powerful, and Madame Laframboise was one of those who worked hard to win her back. Their labors were not in vain, and the child returned to her mother's church, greatly to the delight of all the Catholics and her family.

As in this world happiness is so transient, soon was that of this reunited household threatened. The young woman's constitution began to fail. Ill health seemed only to heighten her charms, as day by day she grew more and more winsome. Her malady, consumption, lasted nearly two years, and when she died it was in full faith of her religion, beloved by all who knew her.

Mr. Biddle sent his son to Gambier College, Ohio, where he became a member of the Protestant Episcopal church. He died in March, 1886. The youngest child, now a widow, with a widowed daughter and a married son, owns the old homestead at Mackinac.

While Madame Schindler was yet a young woman, living at St. Joseph, Mich., she met a young man from Kentucky, James Tanner by name, who was in search of his brother, who had been stolen by the Indians. Madame Schindler became very much interested in the case, and telling her Indian relatives and friends, their interest in turn was enlisted, and they promised to be on the lookout for the lad.

Years passed on and yet no tidings of the boy—now a man if living—reached the brother, who, in his search, traveled far and wide. About the year 1819, he found himself at Hudson Bay, where he visited in turn all of the Indian villages. Finally he arrived at an encampment at 48 Selkirk Settlement, just above Winnipeg, on the Red River of the North, which had recently received large additions by the arrival of Indians from the interior. This encampment consisted of Crees and Chippewas. Impelled by some strong motive, Tanner was especially attracted here. He at first rode on horseback through the encampment,

so as to attract observation and to be able to see all who were there. As he rode along he observed some children at play, and noticed in particular one little girl, who had grey eyes. Mentally marking the surroundings, he next day, with an interpreter, sought the child, whom he again found at play. He asked her name. She said it was “Martha,” or as she called it “Matta.” Pie further inquired “Martha—who?” That she could not say. In response to the question where she lived, she pointed to a wigwam. Her father, she said, was out hunting.

Can any one imagine the feelings that overpowered this man as he awaited the return of the father of that family? He said afterwards that he really believed his search was about ended. The following day, still with the interpreter, he again went to the camp but the hunter had not returned. On the third visit he found a very large man stretched on a mat, at one side of the wigwam, dressed in complete Indian attire, and not bearing the least resemblance to a white. He merely glanced at the door-way when the two men entered, taking no more notice of them than would any Indian. Tanner had a conviction that this was his brother—the lost boy. He walked up to him, and extending his hand, which the owner of the wigwam took, James exclaimed, “My brother!” The other did not of course understand this, but when the interpreter repeated it, he looked up and shook his head. James asked him his name. Pie answered “John,” but could not give any surname. James said, “John Tanner is your name.” This the hunter asked to have repeated When he again heard it he replied, “Yes, that is my name.” Then James asked him if he “did not remember his sister Martha?” Pie replied, “I named my child for her.” Then John began to believe what had 49 been told him about the relationship existing between the two; yet did not seem entirely to comprehend the matter. It was with difficulty that James could impress upon his brother the value of his discovery. The latter remembered that he had been stolen by the Indians, and recognized that he was now found by his brother; but thought that was the end of it all. When James began to talk about his returning home with him, on account of the children, John felt that his brother was meddling with that which was none of his business. It was a long time before he would even listen to this plea. James

remained for days, endeavoring to persuade John to return with him to the old home. To these persuasions he replied: “I suppose there are no hunting grounds there.” He did not “want his boy to live like a woman.” To be a man he must first kill a man, but that he could not do if he lived with the whites. He would be deprived of too many privileges. In a few more moons he would take him to a buffalo hunt. Stag and deer and all kinds of small game were plenty; he would have a chance to become a good hunter. But with the whites he would have to live like a woman; never to touch a gun. He would have to dress like a white man—put on trousers, wear a hat, and tell lies. “I do not want him to live in that manner. I wish him to be a man and warrior. As for the girls, if they go with the whites they will never be good for anything. They can never go to the hunt and bring home the game. They will never have to chop wood, or carry any lead in moving. Yet, this does not make so much difference. A woman is a woman anywhere.”

The son of John Tanner was named James, and was a fair representative of his sire. He, like his father, seemed to be a perfect Indian in nature. He looked like one, for he resembled his mother, who was very dark and plain; she grew to be a most excellent woman, when taught the difference between good and evil. Mary, the eldest child, resembled a Kentuckian more than an Indian. She must have inherited many traits from her father. She possessed vastly more of white blood than of red. Martha, though 4 50 possessing the grey eyes of the white people, was much of an Indian when small, but education made her a perfect lady. She strongly resembled her mother in appearance.

James Tanner at times grew dispirited, feeling that his efforts to restore his brother and family to civilization were in vain. John would not at first harken to any change in his plans of life. Then James proposed to take the children home with him and place them in school. But that was quite too much for an Indian to entertain for a moment; he would not go himself nor would he permit the children to go. James remained at the encampment between three and four months, working for this one object. He lived as near his brother as

he could, and tried to tame him. His efforts at last prevailed, and John promised to go back with him to the old Kentucky home, which he eventually did.

In 1820, John Tanner, with his wife and three children, left Selkirk Settlement in a birch-bark canoe. I know not how long they were on their way, but in July they arrived in Mackinac, with an infant only a few days old. They pitched their wigwam on the beach opposite my grandmother's home. She, as was her wont, went to see who had arrived. It was a custom for each one in whose neighborhood a tent or wigwam was placed, to go at once to see who had come—friend or foe? The newcomers proved to be the Tanner family. All were well except the woman, who looked very weary. Grandmother then entered the wigwam, apologizing for so doing (it is not customary nor allowable to do anything more than to look in, but an apology is necessary if one enters the wigwam), saying she would like to be of some assistance to the mother, if she would be permitted. The man replied, “She will soon be better, as I intend to rest here awhile.” As they were Chippewas and seemed to be going up the lake, grandmother asked him whither they were bound? He replied, “To Kentucky, to join my brother.” Whereupon a conversation ensued which brought out the whole story. After talking a while he said, “Are you the woman my brother told me to look for when I reached Mackinac? He said if 51 I could find you, you would help us out of our trouble. He expressed a desire to see you after he found us, but could not conveniently do so as he had to go through Canada.” From that day, John Tanner's family became a charge to my grandmother and my mother. As this family of wanderers were from the interior of the Indian country, their dress, their language, and demeanor were crude. They were, too, quite innocent. Even on the island of Mackinac, they wore a curiosity.

The day following his arrival, Tanner called on my grandmother, dressed like a white man. He had laid aside his Indian dress, never again to resume it. The little girls were still dressed in the wildest savage costume, and the baby was strapped to an Indian cradle, or board. John's dress was a suit of clothes which his brother had left him the year before. As James was the shorter man of the two, the trousers were quite short for John, who

seemed not to know it. He wore moccasins, and tied the upper part around his ankles where the pantaloons gave out. The sleeves of the coat were also too short; that, too, seemed a matter of indifference. James little knew how grotesque he made his brother appear when, in response to his request, the latter doffed his “easy robes” for these uncomfortable garments of civilization.

Not long after his arrival at Mackinac, John called on my grandmother and mother, to talk over his trials. His wife refused to go further with him. She perfectly detested the manner in which he wished her to live, and desired only to go back to her friends. The only mark of affection her husband ever displayed was his unwillingness to have her take the young child back among the Indians. “La Sauteuse” was stubborn, and would not yield to his persuasion. John wished the ladies to take the child and keep it until it was three years old, when he would return for it. This they would not consent to; for, being somewhat advanced in life, they did not wish to assume such a charge. It was never a settled question whether the love for the child or a desire to punish the mother was the most prominent feature 52 in the case. Certain it is he left no means untried to accomplish his aim. At last, moved by a spirit of charity, the ladies consented to take the child, an indenture was drawn up by the proper parties, and the little one was adopted by my grandmother. The mother made a promise to remain by the child a year, and then she was to return to her own friends. As it turned out, she remained twelve years.

As the household into which the child had been received was Roman Catholic in faith, the first thing to be done was to have the child baptized. There being no priest on the island, she had to receive lay baptism, which was administered by Grandfather Schindler. Here is a copy of a paper which shows how and when it was done:

On this 4th day of August, 1820, Lucy Tanner, aged sixteen days, has received lay baptism from George Schindler, Mackinac, Michigan.

Thérese Schindler

George Schindler

Marraine [godmother].

Parrain [godfather].

After the little one was disposed of, the family broke up their wigwam home, never to return to such a life again. Tanner departed with his three children, hiring a man to replace the wife at the paddle. With this feeble crew, in a birch-bark canoe, they journeyed on, going by way of Chicago. From there they went down the Illinois river to the Mississippi, thence up the Ohio river. I do not know where he abandoned his canoe; but it ought to have been preserved and kept for exhibition. A canoe which made the journey from Lake Winnipeg to Kentucky, ought to have been kept. But all this happened before the days of museums.

The children were placed in a Kentucky school, but, not understanding the English language, they did not learn quickly, very much to the discouragement of those most concerned. The father never learned to talk like a white man, although he became an interpreter for the United States government; he talked Chippewa as well as any Indian of the tribe.

Some time after their arrival in Kentucky, Mary, the eldest daughter, died. This seemed to unsettle the father, and 53 after an interval of two years he returned to Mackinac with his two children, whom he placed at school, and he prepared to go to Sault Ste. Marie to live. He asked his wife to accompany him. She had been taught, in the meantime, that if she lived with him again she must be legally married. This was something he could not or would not understand. He said he had married her as they were all married in the Indian country, and she was his wife. The woman had received instruction in the Catholic faith, and was developing into a sincere Christian character. My grandmother and mother had taught her to earn her own living. She had gone to housekeeping near the former's

home. Pier love for the father of her children was even more potent than her religion, and, believing that he would eventually marry her, she received him at her new home. She had two more children by him, and then finding he was still of the same opinion on the legality of their marriage, she separated entirely from him, and lived the life of a good, Christian woman to the last.

Some time after Tanner had returned to Mackinac, finding he could not induce his wife to go with him, he went away; whither, no one knew for three years. The lady with whom he had left his children, at the close of this period found she could no longer keep them. The authorities had to take them in charge, and have them bound out. Martha was bound to Lieut. John K. Pierce. James, jr., was bound to a blacksmith. A few months after this was done, Tanner returned. He was much annoyed to find his children so situated, for he was haughty. It was then learned that he had gone back to the Red River region, where he had found employment as a hunter and fur-trader. He came back with sufficient money for all of their wants. He never was known to do anything for the child he gave away, either at this time or any other. Lucy became the pet of the family in the household of Madame Schindler, and turned out a nice girl. In due time she became quite a scholar. Her only school advantages were those received at the 54 boarding school, which my mother kept for the fur-traders' daughters. She, however, made the most of these.

When my mother engaged in the translation of the prayer book and certain portions of the Bible into the Indian language, she entered a mission at Grand River (now Grand Haven, Mich.) that she might have access to the books she needed. Finding that she would have to spend the winter there, she rented a small house and went to housekeeping, sending for her mother and Lucy to remain there with her until she finished her work. To this proposition my grandmother consented. Renting her own house, she and Lucy prepared for the journey. When ready and waiting for a steamer, Lucy asked if she might be permitted to remain in Mackinac for a few weeks to visit with her mother. She would then accompany Lacroix, who expected to go with his family by the schooner to Grand River, intending to spend the winter there. To this request, grandmother gave a reluctant

consent, and with her maid Catishe went on to Grand River. The schooner was due there in October, but never arrived. The winter was a sad one for the entire household. In the spring, at last the tardy news came that the vessel had been wrecked and all on board lost. My grandmother and mother returned to their island home the following summer.

John Tanner remained at Sault Ste. Marie with his children. He retained the position of Indian interpreter until his death. This was due to the influence of his brother James, and of Henry R. Schoolcraft, who was a great friend of John's. At last the home was broken up by his children leaving him, because they could no longer live with him. He lived the life of a heathen. He never would hear religion discussed; he was cruel to a degree, and in many respects seemed worse than an Indian, as he combined the faults of the two races. He finally died, some time in the forties, while on a drunken bout.1

1 See *Narrative of the Captivity and Adventures of John Tanner during Thirty Years' Residence among the Indians, prepared for the press by Edwin James, M. D*. (New York: G. & C. & H. Carvill, 1830). James was post surgeon at Mackinac, in 1827, and was the editor of *Major Long's Expedition*.— Ed.

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In 1824, a bride of but fourteen years, I went with my husband to live in Green Bay, and thenceforth my lot was cast with the new and growing Territory west of Lake Michigan. On the 23d of June, 1825, we entered upon a return trip to Mackinac, by a Mackinac boat or bateau, the details of which may prove of interest.

Our route lay along the eastern coast of Green Bay and the northern shore of Lake Michigan. My husband was going to the island to attend court, and I to visit my relatives. Judge Doty had gone there by schooner, some time before. We took passage on one of a fleet of six boats laden with furs,belonging to the American Fur Company, and in charge of my brother-in-law, Joseph Rolette, of Prairie du Chien. Having attended a wedding ceremony in the afternoon, it was so late when we reached the boats, in waiting by the

river-side, that at first it seemed hardly worth while to start that day. Yet the men were all in their places, which was always the experience in the days when there was no whistle or bell to call them to duty, and it was prudent to start when they were secured; otherwise, the grog shops might entice them away.

In each of the boats there were seven men, six to row and a steersman, all being Frenchmen. There was, in addition, in each boat, a clerk of the American Fur Company, to act as commander, or *bourgeois* . The furnishing of these boats, each thirty feet long, was quite complete. The cargo being furs, a snug-fitting tarpaulin was fastened down and over the sides, to protect the pelts from the rain. This cargo was placed in the center of the boat. A most important feature of the cargo was the mess basket, one of the great comforts of the past days, and a perfect affair of its kind. It was well filled with everything that could be procured to satisfy both hunger and thirst, such as boiled ham, tongue, roast chickens, bread, butter, hard or sea biscuit; crackers, cheese (when that luxury could be procured), 56 tea, coffee, and chocolate, pickles, etc., and abundance of eggs. Then there were wines, cordials, and brandy. All this the mess baskets hold; yet in addition, we depended upon securing fresh game and fish on the way. Rolette was a generous provider, sending to St. Louis for all that this part of the world could not supply. The mess basket on this occasion seemed to have an extra supply of eggs. It seemed strange that such faithful workers as the men were, should have been fed so poorly. They had nothing but salt pork, *lyed* corn, and bread or biscuit. This was the general food of workmen in the fur trade. It was the custom, when a man wished to enter the employ of any one, to put the manner of living in the indenture.1 Our boat carried two tents, and had a cot bed and camp stool for my use.

1 See the numerous examples of such contracts, among the MSS. of this Society: some of them are cited in Turner's valuable monograph, “The Character and Influence of the Fur Trade in Wisconsin,” *Proc. Wis. Hist. Soc*., 1889.— Ed.

The party in our boat consisted of Rolette (the head man), John Kinzie, my husband, and myself. One of the other boats was in the charge of Edward Ploudre, another in charge of Jean Baptist Mairand; Monsieur Eustubise was in charge of the fourth boat. I have forgotten the names of the *bourgeois* of the two remaining craft.

Starting so late in the day, we were only enabled to get as far as the Red Banks, before it was time to stop and camp for the night. As I stepped from the boat, I saw that my tent was almost ready for me, so quickly did these men arrange matters for the encampment.

Next morning dawned most gloriously, and we started off in our boats, after breakfast, in fine spirits, cheered and enlivened by the merry song of the boatmen, who always start with a song. The day was charming, there was no wind, and the men rowed as if it were a pleasure. This was indeed a delightful way to travel; keeping always within easy reach of shore, in case of a sudden squall or violent wind.

The camping hour is always hailed with gladness by the men, strange as it may seem., as it came at the close of a hard day's work. It seemed always to be another pleasure of the voyage, and was an agreeable change to passengers as well as men. The men would pitch the tent with rapidity, in front of it quickly kindle a fire, and then immediately prepare the meal, which was greatly enjoyed. Then, all being refreshed, came the time for sports, merriment, and fun of all kinds.

As we rowed away from the Red Banks on that most charming June morning, many were the amusements that. followed each other. The boats would sometimes come near enough to allow an interchange of conversation, jest, and play. This began that morning, by the throwing of hard tack at each other. This, however, did not last long, the prospect of needing the biscuits, later, serving to save them. Our boat had at first shared in the contest, but on my account they soon desisted. Shortly after the war of the biscuits ceased, we began to see eggs flying in the air, and a very pretty sight they made too. The

men entered fully into the fun, although the oarsmen did not dare slack their oars. They gave vent, however to their enjoyment by a *cri de joie* , fairly quivering with excitement. It was about as animated a contest as any these men had ever witnessed or expected to. Not to spoil the fun, I crawled under the tarpaulin, where I was comparatively sale, although an occasional egg would strike me on the head. Rolette—an irritable old man—tried his best to stop the battle, but the fun was too fierce to be readily given up, and on a pretence of not hearing their commander's order they kept on with the fight.

At the second *pipe* or rest, we left the boat for a ramble, as a beautiful beach made walking a delight. Although not dinner-time, Rolette ordered an early meal, so that we might take another walk. He directed the men, after their meal, to start on with the boats, telling them where to encamp. Pointing to a bit of land that projected into the 58 bay, which did not seem very far away, he said, “You may encamp just past that point. We will walk; be sure and have supper ready.” Barrette, Rolette's serving-man, remained with us. Rolette never went unattended, as he was a very helpless person.

We sat awhile when we had dined, then started off on our walk. The fleet of boats presented a handsome appearance, disappearing and reappearing with the inequalities of the shore. We had not walked far when we came to a bluff which extended into the bay, and which was perfectly perpendicular. There was no path around it, none over it, and the water at its base was deep. What was I to do? Good Barrette immediately said he could carry me; and he did so. How I pitied him. The distance around the bluff was several yards, When we had doubled the promontory and got upon dry land, we stopped to rest. Starting off again we soon came to a small stream, narrow but deep. It had not been observed by the men in the boats, owing to the rushes. Now, what was to be done? The crew were out of sight, hidden by the point of land first mentioned, and consequently were out of hearing. But the same faithful servant again undertook the task of carrying me, although the water was now quite deep—too deep for my husband to be of any assistance to me, as he was a short man. Mr. Kinzie, being taller, walked beside us and held my feet

out of the water. The gentlemen were up to the armpits in the stream, which fortunately was narrow.

We soon after met some of the other gentlemen of our party coming to meet us, and were not long in reaching the encampment, which looked very inviting. The tents were pitched, my cot all ready for a good rest, a bright fire at a little distance, and supper ready.

But in the mean time a storm was brewing, another egg storm! As we arrived at the camp, we all noticed the strange appearance which Edward Ploudre presented. He had on white duck pantaloons and a frock coat, and had 59 both pockets filled with eggs, which he had provided for a second battle and fancied his coat would conceal. But the keen eyes of both Mr. Kinzie and Mr. Baird were too much for him, as was their fleetness, for they immediately set in pursuit of him, and when they caught him slapped his pockets until the eggs were broken and the contents ran in a stream down his pantaloons and white stockings, and into his low shoes. The men laughed until exhausted. Then there was another call for more eggs, and another fight ensued, which only ceased for want of ammunition. Never did any one ever enter with greater zest into any sport than did the gentlemen on this occasion. However, at last quiet was restored and we found ourselves with good appetites for supper, and soon after retired to refreshing sleep. The next morning the field of battle presented a strange appearance, strewn as it was with egg-shells, and many were the regrets expressed that the ammunition was exhausted.

Before leaving the shore, speeches befitting the occasion were made by most of the gentlemen, and the place was formally christened “Egg Harbor,” the name it has ever since borne.

Occasionally, as we coasted along the east shore of Green Bay, we would, when it presented an inviting appearance, take other walks along the bank. The men always took pains to secure a handsome spot for the pipe or rest. The tent was scarcely ever pitched for dinner except in wet weather.

As I do not remember distances from point to point, I will not attempt to give each day's travel. The names of some of the islands have been changed since our trip in 1825; and many more that in that day had no names, have since been christened. Then we knew by names, only Washington Island, the Beavers,— Big and Little,—Chambers, Manitou, Fox. Pottawattamie or Rock Island, formerly known as l'Ile de Pen, or Louse Island. Many were the beautiful spots we passed. Never were we obliged to 60 dine or encamp on the east shore at any spot not attractive.

One night we encamped at a place Called Petit Detroit, which is not far from Death's Door. It is a small island, formed like a half-moon, the inner portion being a most beautiful harbor, with a high bank; and beyond this rise higher hills. The whole island was then a perfect garden of wild roses. Never have I at one time seen so many flowers of any kind, as I then saw. The charms of the place so attracted us that we made an early landing. The men had to clear a spot to pitch the tent, and in finishing their work they very thoughtfully decorated my tent with roses.

Here again, and indeed it was so each evening, the young men began to frolic. There were no more eggs for that kind of warfare, yet there seemed to be many articles to do battle with. As soon as supper was over, all the gentlemen of the party, except Rolette, went off for a walk over the hills. They were in the finest of spirits and so were the crew—the whole island seemed to respond to their glee. The boatmen, keeping to themselves, went off to the other side of the island. Soon we heard their laughter, and well we knew there was fun somewhere. In little while we saw the gentlemen run towards the campment and, laughing, go to each other's tents and, catching up anything they could lay their hands on, into the lake they tossed it. Each possessed a small feather bed, that with the bedding was rolled up in an Indian mat. Soon we saw these beds sailing off, and these were followed by coats, hats, etc. Mr. Kinzie was so engaged in the “pitch battle” that he did not see his own bed start. The others secured theirs while yet in reach. The beds usually fell in the water lengthwise, but Mr. Kinzie's went in on one end, which made it sail well. When at last he

discovered his bed, outward bound, it was several yards from shore' He plunged into the water and had to swim, as the water was quite deep, before he reached it.

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The boats are never unloaded, from the time they leave port until they reach their destination. This fleet of boats was originally loaded at Prairie du Chien, and then unloaded at the portage between the Wisconsin and Fox rivers, where the men carried first the packs of furs on their backs, then returned for the boats, and reloading them would run down to the Big Chute, now Appleton. Here the boats again had to be unloaded, and the furs portaged around by the men. The boats, however, made the journey down the swift water, which was called “jumping the rapids,” and was an interesting sight if one had nerve enough to look on. The unloading was repeated at Grand Kaukauna; but at Rapides Croche and at Rapides des Peres, now DePere, the loads would be carried through, all of the men walking in the water to guide the boats and their valuable loads. Our boats, it will be seen, were loaded for the last time at Kaukauna, not to be unloaded until they reached Mackinac.

We will return now to our last camping place at that charming island and harbor. After the gentlemen had played to their hearts' content, they retired to their moist beds. One would have thought they might all have taken cold, but not one word of complaint did I hear from any of them.

We now traveled slowly, waiting for a day which would show signs of being fine throughout, that we might make in safety “La Grande Traverse”—to cross the lake from the east shore to the west, or north. The crossing started from Rock Island. There were some scattered islands on the route, where shelter was sought in case of a storm or high wind. On the day we attempted the crossing, there was a slight east wind, strong enough to warrant the sails being hoisted. The wind at last dying away they were taken down, and it was with difficulty we reached our destined port. These boats carry but one sail—a square one. The mast is attached to the side of the boat, and when wanted is hoisted

to its place and the sail put up. When in the 62 middle of the lake, a strange sight it was to see the boats arranged in a regular line, near each other, while the men took a rest. (The men never smoked except when ashore,) The boats floated gently on, carried by the current, and always guided by the steersman. The motion was a delightful one. We made a successful crossing, and the men were rewarded by a supper from our mess baskets, and a little extra grog. I have forgotten to mention that the crew each morning and evening received a gill of whiskey.

On our arrival at the other shore, we were no longer able to secure as fine camping grounds as those of the preceding days. As the gentlemen no longer could find a good play-ground, they devoted themselves to their books.

We were six days in making the journey from Green Bay to Mackinac, being wind-bound for twenty-four hours in a very dreary camping ground. I never have seen men so restless as were those of our party. They behaved like children; nothing pleased them. As for Rolette, he growled and scolded at the weather through the whole time we waited. The crew took the wisest course. They spread their blankets down and went to sleep, thus passing the greater portion of the time.

The following day was not all that could be desired; but as we were nearing our destination, we were willing to endure some discomfort for the sake of hastening on our way. We set sail, catching a little breeze that helped us along, While yet the whole crew were watching the signs of the weather, a sudden squall took us unawares and somewhat. disturbed us. The sails were flapping, as the direction of the wind had changed. The boats were pitching, and Rolette, much frightened, was giving orders. which if followed would have swamped the boat. His final order was, “John! John! take down that mast! Saw it off with the ax!” In his fright he did not notice that each man was trying his best to take down the mast in each boat, so much did these imperil the craft.

All this time we were quite near shore. When peace was restored, John Kinzie (Chicago's first settler) came up to Rolette with a very sad and penitent-looking face, and said: “I am very sorry I disobeyed your orders, and I hope you will forgive me.” Rolette looked him squarely in the face, and replied: “John, you rascal, how did you disobey me?” “In taking down that mast, sir, I did not *saw it off with the ax* .”

The day following the squall, we arrived at “Pointe a la Barbe”—the point where one shaves1 . It is said this Point is so named from the fact that all *voyageurs* stopped there to shave and make themselves presentable upon their arrival at the “grand emporium of the West.” We went on shore, giving our crew an opportunity to shave for the first time since we left Green Bay. Each man looked very well in his striped cotton shirt, blue pantaloons, red sash around the waist, and red handkerchief around the neck. Caps of all sorts they wore, but no hats. They purchased high hats when they reached Mackinac. Everybody then wore the hat since called the “stove-pipe.”

1 Capt. D. H. Kelton, editor of *Annals of Mackinac*, says that this is purely speculative. He affirms that the Point is so named because of the peculiar curvature of its shore.— Ed

The rest of the fleet stopped at the American Fur Company's landing, but our boat landed me opposite the residence of my grandparents. My happiness I cannot describe: it was soon turned to sadness, as before reaching the house I learned of my grandfather's serious illness. I had received but two letters from home in the past six months, and knowing I was to arrive in June, they had refrained from writing the painful news.

After court adjourned, my husband returned to Green Bay to attend to the house he was having built for us, and came back in August to Mackinac. We then returned to Green Bay, reaching there on October 28th, 1825. We went by schooner, bringing with us a little daughter of six 64 weeks, baptized by the name of Eliza Ann: but named by our Indian relatives, Waubunoqua (Early Morn).

Library of Congress

My dear mother accompanied us back, to see me safely home, although she had to return in the same vessel on account of my grandfather's alarming illness. His death occured three weeks after our departure from the dear old island.